

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

## DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

L. D. STARKE,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### POETRY.

### THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

Who bids for the little children—

Body and soul and brain;

Young and without a stain?

Who bids for the little children—

Young and without a stain?

Will no one bid for the children?

For their souls so pure and white,

And fit for all good and evil,

"The world on their pages may write?"

"We bid," say Pest and Famine,

"We bid for life and limb;

Fever and pain and squallor

The bright young eyes shall dim.

When the children grow too many,

We'll nurse them as our own,

And hide them in secret places,

Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said beggarly howling,

"I'll buy them one and all;

I'll teach them a thousand lessons—

To lie, to shirk, to crawl.

They shall rot in the fair sunshine;

And if they serve my purpose,

I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"

Said Crime, with wolfish grin,

For I've to bid the children—

Through the pleasant paths of sin;

They shall swarm in the streets to piffle,

They shall plague the broad highway,

Till they grow too old for play,

And ripe for the law to play.

"Person and hunk and gaitor—

As I am, in the hand,

There's only not to use them—

So proudly as they stand.

Give me the little children,

I'll take them as they're born,

And I'll feed their evil passions

With misery and scorn.

Give me the little children,

Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,

And let the busy world spin round,

While ye shut your idle eyes;

And your judges shall have work;

And your lawyers wag the tongue;

And the jailors and policemen

Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh shame!" cried true Religion,

"Oh shame, that this should be!"

I'll take the little children—

I'll take them all to me,

I'll raise them up with kindness

From the mire in which they've trod;

I'll teach them words of blessing;

I'll lead them up to God."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

#### THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE FRENCH, BY ESTHER WETHERAL.

The counsellor Aretin possessed a prettily seat in a pleasant neighbourhood, but he frequently repaired to breathe fresh air and to recruit himself from fatigues of business. And when he came to look at his little to their great delight. The garden to the house, the grain still green, the meadows covered with flowers, transports of pleasure. There was a park, full of oaks, birch and alder, which passed pleasant roads, covered with gravel.

the day their father took them into his and showed them a bird's nest. It took place in this part of the country.

the children listened with delighted attention to his recital:—

about forty years since, on a fine morning a little boy was under this oak, taking of some sheep. He held a book in hand, which he was reading attentively, only raising his eyes occasionally to his charge.

soon there appeared before him a some boy clothed in richly embroidered garments. It was the hereditary prince, ten years old. The shepherd did know him, but supposed him to be the grand forester, who came sometimes to business in the hunting lodge.

Good morning, Mr. Forester, said he, am taking off his straw hat as he spoke. How can I serve you?

wish to know," said the prince, whether there are bird's nests here?

Oh! what a singular question for a for. Do you not hear the birds singing? must be many nests in this wood—bird has his own."

They must know then where some of are," said the prince, good naturally. I know where there is a charming one; handsomest I ever saw in my life. It made of twisted straw, covered with

moss, and has five eggs in it, blue as the sky."

"Very Well: come and show it me. I am very curious to see it."

"I dare say you are; but I cannot show it."

"I do not ask you to show it for nothing. I expect to pay you."

"That may be, but I cannot show it."

At this moment the tutor came up, a venerable ecclesiastic, whom the shepherd had not seen before.

"Do not be disengaging, my friend," said he, "this young lord has never seen a nest; but he has read many books which speak of them. Do not refuse to give him the pleasure of seeing one: he does not think of taking it; he only wishes to look at it."

The shepherd arose, and shaking his head, replied:

"I cannot change what I have said. I will not show where the nest is."

"That is not right," said the tutor. "It ought to give thee pleasure to oblige our hereditary prince."

"Is that the hereditary prince?" said the child, again uncovering his head. "I am happy to know him; but I should not show my nest if the prince himself asked me."

The young prince appeared very much disengaged.

"I never saw so stubborn a fellow," said he, "but we will find means to make him show it."

"At least," said the tutor, "tell us why thou refusest to satisfy our desire, that we may see whether thy reasons are good, and if they are, we will let thee alone."

"Ah!" replied George, "I have not yet been to school. It is far off, and I should lose much time. In Winter, I have to stay at home and spin. Nor can my father afford to pay a schoolmaster. But Michael has taught me to spell and also to read a little. I have read this book of his three times it is so spoiled and torn that one can scarcely distinguish the letters; therefore, it is not easy to read."

Some days after, when the prince met George, he presented him with a hand-some new book bound in morocco.

"I lend it to thee," said he, "but when thou canst read a page, without making a mistake, it is thine."

The poor shepherd took it joyfully, and next day he came to see the prince and said to him:

"Ah! how can you speak thus?" returned the shepherd. "If I acted as you wish, I should be a rogue, and that I will not; and whether Michael knows it or not; and what if all the world remained ignorant of it. I should know myself that I had done wrong, and God would know it also."

"I don't understand the value of this piece of gold, my friend. If they charged it for copper money, there would be enough to fill that hat."

"Indeed," said the child; and he looked again at the glittering coin. "My father would be very happy if I could take him that much money; but no, no—take yourselves away from me!" Then he added in a milder tone, "The young prince will pardon me. I placed my hand in Michael's, promising not to betray his secret. A man has but one word. Farewell."

He was preparing to leave the spot, when the prince's huntsman, who had been standing near during this conversation, and whose face was inflamed with anger, seized him by the arm, and said, in an angry tone,

"Miserable wretch! Darest thou resist thy sovereign thus, and prefer a shepherd before him? Show us the nest immediately, or I will break thy bones."

The child turned pale, trembled, and with tears in his eyes, cried, "Oh, pardon! I ask your pardon!"

"Well," said the prince, "I will see if I cannot make something of thee. The tutor has a friend, a country pastor, who takes children into his house, and teaches them the learned languages. I will send thee to him, and pay all expenses. What thinkst thou of it?"

The prince expected that the child would express his joy, and kiss his hands to thank him; but instead of that, he saw him at first smile, and then look very sad.

"What is the matter?" asked he; "thou lookest more like weeping than laughing. Tell me the reason of it."

"Ah!" replied George, "my father is so poor. He needs all I can make in Summer by keeping sheep, and in Winter by spinning. It is but a little, yet he cannot afford it without."

"The honesty of this child should excite our admiration. It is a precious stone of almost priceless value. There is in this shepherds the material to make a remarkable man, a fine and firm character. Thus we often find in a cottage, virtues that we look vaidly for in a palace."

When they reached the lodge, the tutor made inquiries about the child, and learned that he was a good boy, named George, the son of a poor but honest laborer who lived near.

And when the lesson of the young prince was over, he advanced towards the window, and exclaimed:

"There is George waiting for us, he has alighted at the close of the day, and is looking for us."

"I'll take the little children—

I'll take them all to me,

I'll raise them up with kindness

From the mire in which they've trod;

I'll teach them words of blessing;

I'll lead them up to God."

He held a book in his hand, and said,

"I am right; I am satisfied; I have spoken with Michael, and an

and liberty to show you the nest."

And he hastened forward, the tutor and his friend following him.

"Do you see that yellow bird singing so merrily on the branch of an old tree? It is the owner of the nest; now let us walk softly."

In a small open space in the forest, rose a white thorn-bush with its prettily shaped leaves and odoriferous blossoms just opening to the sun. George pointed to this bush, and said to the young prince, "Look! The female bird is sitting on her eggs."

He flew off almost immediately, and the prince was highly delighted to have an opportunity of examining the nest and the beautiful eggs it contained.

"Now," said the tutor to the boy, "come and receive the reward I promised you. Gold would be of so little use, I will give thee in silver, and taking a roulade out of his pocket, he counted upon a stone bench a quantity of little pieces, to the great astonishment of the child. 'Divide faithfully with Michael,' said the tutor.

"Upon my honor!" returned George, and he almost flew away with his treasure.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1855.

VOL. 5--NO 45.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

Sitting one day opposite a gentleman at a hotel dinner-table in Richmond, he observed that he was eating one of those luxurious soft crabs of that region, and that was the custom of the hotel, a glass of milk had been placed near his plate; looking up from his own, he said in a thin, piping voice:

"What?" said he with true emotion "does he shed tears?"

"He does," I replied, "and you see them yourself."

"Then," said Mr. Randolph, "he shall go with me. John, take down your baggage, and let us forget what has passed."

"I was irritated, sir," he added turning to me, "and I thank you for the rebuke."

Thus ended the singular scene between Randolph and his servant. John instantly brightened up—soon forgot his master's anger—and, in a very few moments was on his way to the boat, perfectly happy.

enough by leaving him behind you, without hurting his feelings. You have made the poor fellow cry, Mr. Randolph."

"What?" said he with true emotion "does he shed tears?"

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### VARIETY.

The Just man.

They are not just because they do no wrong.

But he who will not wrong me when he may—

He is truly just. I praise not them

Who in their petty dealings pilfer not—

But he whose conscience spurns a secret

frand,

When he might plunder and defy surprise;

His is the praise, who, looking down with

## MR. KERR'S LETTER.

May 29th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIRS:—The position I now occupy in regard to the new political organization commonly called Know-Nothingism, has subjected me to much unjust censure from the adherents of that party. I am not so insensible to public opinion as to permit the attacks which have been made upon my motives to pass without notice.

You in this, as in every other instance in which I have attracted public notice, have treated me courteously; and though doubtless many malign suggestions may have been made to you in regard to me, you have abstained from impeaching my motives or attacking my course. I have no paper, however, in the State to aid or defend me, and no cabalistic Councils—in sworn combination—to promote my interest and secure my election.

Your very useful paper circulates extensively in my District, and I am induced to believe that you will with pleasure afford me the use of its columns, to set forth some of the reasons by which I am governed in pursuing the course I have been compelled by a sense of duty to adopt.

I am now, as ever, a Whig, deeply convinced of the conservative tendency and influence of Whig principles. The more I study them, the more thoroughly am I satisfied, that the principles of government which Henry Clay always maintained throughout his long and glorious career, are the true principles of our Constitution, and sooner or later prevail over all opposition.

The greater portion of my life has been spent in defending these principles,—however feebly, yet most earnestly. In times of prosperity, to our cause I have rejoiced—in times of adversity I have mourned—but never have I dreamed of deserting the old paths of political safety, and joining any combination or party, new or old, that would not support and carry out the political faith of our great republican Whig fathers.

No, Sir: I am so wedded to the doctrines of Washington and Clay, so determined to defend them to the last extremity, that come what may to me personally, I will adhere to my position and defend my colors, though all my former comrades shall flee or fall, and "leave me solitary and alone amid the jeers and taunts of my opponents."

I am aware that the Whig party is now disbanded, but Whig principles and Whig measures are not on that account less dear to me. On the contrary, I cherish them still, and urge their adoption and support upon others, with the greater zeal and earnestness because of the dangers which threaten our country.

We are threatened in every section with ruin, by the influence of factions and the triumph of political combinations which are founded upon dogmas repudiated by or unknown to our fathers.

Abolitionism and nullification, the offspring of the different extremes of the Union, are now in harmonious combination at the North; and the conservative people of the South are invoked, under the delusive guise to join the unholy alliance. We are told, in language as deceptive as plausible, that it matters not what a man's political principles are—whether he supports Whig measures or Democratic measures—if he will only join the new party he shall be supported for office as the friend of "American principles." Now really, this looks a little too much like "putting on the turban and turning Turk for the sake of the plunder." Can this government be administered except upon principle? and are not either Whig principles or Democratic principles right?

A fusion of different politics and different politicians in the democratic party, has long been an objection urged to that party, by the Whigs. But now it seems we are called upon to join an effort to out-Herod Herod, and win the bad renown of carrying the principle of combinations farther than it has ever been carried before in order to obtain office. Verily, I can acquiesce in no such movement. That there are good conservative men in the democratic party, none can doubt. And it is equally true that in both parties there are mere time servers, who aim more at personal promotion than at the good of their country. Now if we look to the leaders of this new organization we shall not fail to perceive, that some of them are as have often changed their party relations, and taken position where the chance of promotion was best. Is it not a little strange, my dear sir, that I, who have never, in or out of Congress, deserted or renounced one single Whig principle—who have always adhered to the fortunes of my party—should be read out of the communion now, by certain newly constituted exponents of Whig orthodoxy, while such gentlemen as Mr. J. B. Shepard, Wm. K. Lane, and Mr. David Reid, are received into full fellowship and made leaders by men with whom they have no political principle in unison? Has Mr. Shepard ever renounced his democratic creed? Has Mr. Lane, or has Mr. Reid? Not at all, so far as I am informed. Then how can they be regarded as better worthy of Whig support than myself upon the score of principle?

The new organization have often published to the world as one of their principles, that they repudiate the doctrine of availability in the selection of candidates for office. How then does it happen, that in Democratic Districts they have thus far in our State selected democrats, although Whigs belong to their party? If availability is part of their creed, then why not nominate Know Nothing Whigs in the Edgecombe and Wake Districts?

Pure as they profess to be, scornful of the corruption of the old parties; it does nevertheless seem, that though on *pure* they are bent they "have a frugal mind," and resort as much to *availability* to obtain office, as any other party.

But secret political oath-bound associations are always dangerous to liberty, and can never be justified in a free country. The Jacobin clubs (secret political societies) ruined France at the period of the first French revolution. Lafayette distinctly charged them with it, and all the world now admires the justness of the charge. Yet they called themselves the *only true Frenchmen*, and put all to death who did not agree with them—when they had them in their power. Republican liberty, under the auspices of Lafayette, dawned upon France, and for a brief season illuminated the political horizon with the brightest hopes. In an evil our secret societies (like those now existing among us.) were

established, and by their dreadful influence liberty was destroyed, and upon its ruins the *reign of terror* arose; which, while it lasted, filled the world with consternation, and France itself with blood and tears and tortures. In imitation of that bad example, the Democratic clubs were formed in our country, during the administration of Washington, and but for the sublime moral courage and relentless influence of the father of his country, they would have forced us into a war with England, and into all the frantic schemes of conquest and aggrandisement of the leaders of the French Revolution.

Washington has warned his countrymen against such societies in his Farewell Address.

Some of the objects aimed at by this new party I approve. I am now, and have been for years, opposed to the influx of foreign paupers and foreign criminals into our country. I have already made that manifest by my course in Congress. But I will not consent to any system or policy which would exclude all *foreigners* from our shores. The good shall never be me indiscriminately proscribed with the bad. When an oppressed exile from a land of despotism is driven upon our shores, if he be a man of virtue, I will receive him with generous hospitality, and welcome him now, as our forefathers were wont to welcome such, to the "land of the free and the asylum of the oppressed."

All foreigners should remain here long enough to learn the nature and practical operation of our institutions before they are allowed the right of suffrage. Congress, however, has no power to correct the evil of alien suffrage. This power remains with the States, and therefore the connection of the topic with the election of members of Congress is wrong. It is intended only for effect, and is used to promote the success of a faction; whilst it cannot possibly do good to the country.

But there is still another objection to this new party which is possible and stronger than any I have stated.

They seek to inflame the worst passions of human nature, by connecting religion with politics. That every man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, is a fundamental maxim of republican liberty. Nor has it been questioned in our State, until very lately, by any intelligent man, since the days when we were just emerging from the thralldom of English and Yankee bigotry. I am a protestant, and consider it a blessing that I am. I am no defender of the Catholic Church, nor of Catholic persecutions. But I do believe that Catholics, like all other sets of Christians, have good and bad among them; and whilst I will oppose the bad *I will respect the good*.

It is unjust to charge that all Catholics are under a foreign allegiance. We know that such is not the truth.

Our own State has ever regarded William Gaston as an honor to her history.

Mr. Badger recently pronounced in the Senate a beautiful and just encomium upon Chief Justice Taney.

All applauded it when he read it. Yet Mr. Gaston was a Catholic, and so is Mr. Taney.

The Pope can't govern the people within his own *immediate State*, in temporal matters—how much less then, is he able to govern them in foreign lands?

At this very time he is protected at home by a French army. That Catholics will ever be able to supplant the Protestant religion in this country, is absurd. No intelligent man need to fear such a result.

We have the Bible here—all men read it for themselves.

And the experience of the past proves that Catholics are more frequently converted to Protestantism in this country than Protestants are to Catholicism.

At the same time that I frankly avow my determination to support the principles of the party, I decline its honors.

All that I ask is the privilege to sustain by my vote the wise, great, and noble liberal principles upon which I know the republic is founded, and by the faithful observance of which I am profoundly conscious the social repose and political prosperity of the nation can alone be secured.

Permit me to return my heart-felt thanks to those friends, both whigs and democrats, who have so generously offered to give me their warm support.

## LETTER OF HON. WM. PRESTON OF KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, June 1, 1855.

To the Editors of the Daily Louisville Times: Gentlemen: Many friends, irrespective of party, knowing my views to be opposed to the organization and policy of the Know-nothings, have warmly urged me to become a candidate for re-election to Congress from this district. I have stated that I would consider the proposition and give them an answer by the 1st of June. After reflection upon the subject, I do not think I am the appropriate person to make the canvass, and therefore decline the invitation.

The old whig party by which I was elected is disbanded. A new organization, which proposes to introduce questions of religious belief as criterions for office, and to repeal the naturalization laws under which we have lived from the beginning of our government, with the single exception of the federal interregnum under Adams, when they were extended to fourteen years, has arrayed itself in the field of politics. In addition, we find that the new party maintains an ominous silence in relation to the rights of the Southern States, which should fill every patriotic heart with fear. I have ever been, and yet am, inflexibly opposed to such principles.

The regularly-nominated Democratic ticket is the only opponent in the field against this new party. It is clear that it cannot achieve success unless, as in Virginia, by the aid of honest and fearless Southern Whigs, who will not be absorbed in secret fraternities, and who desire no ambiguous alliance with Northern Know-nothings. Their aid has given the first check to this new party and annihilated its prestige of victory. But, with these facts before us, it cannot be concealed that the main body of the opponents of the Know-nothings is composed of Democrats. It is natural they should desire their candidate not only to be the representative of their sentiments upon these topics, in opposition to the Know-nothings, but also to coincide with them upon the general policy of the Democratic party, and to yield acquiescence upon the issues of the past. I do not mean to say that this would be required as the terms of support, but I have heard it suggested as requisite to concentrate the full energy of opposition. Indeed, it has been intimated that an acquiescence in the policy of the Democratic Administration might be necessary to give full coherence to the movement. Standing in the attitude I occupy, I could only consent to make the race as an independent candidate; free from all pledges whatever.

For these reasons, I am convinced that, in order to achieve success and combine the party, it is better for the democracy to select a candidate from their own ranks, and in trust to him the advocacy of their cause. For my own part, my belief is decided that the know-nothing movement is as transient as its growth has been sudden. As between the democracy and itself my choice is quickly made; but I feel that I best consult my own dignity, and relieve myself from all suspicious or unworthy motives, if, at the same time that I frankly avow my determination to support the principles of the party, I decline its honors.

All that I ask is the privilege to sustain by my vote the wise, great, and noble liberal principles upon which I know the republic is founded, and by the faithful observance of which I am profoundly conscious the social repose and political prosperity of the nation can alone be secured.

Permit me to return my heart-felt thanks to those friends, both whigs and democrats, who have so generously offered to give me their warm support.

I remain, with respect,

W. PRESTON.

## THE LONE STAR.

It is ascertained beyond a doubt, that Mr. John S. Carile, the Know-Nothing candidate for Congress in the Eleventh District, is elected over his Democratic competitor. Some persons may be disposed to regret this result, and to complain that the Democracy have not made a 'clean sweep' of the State. Such is not our feeling. The election of Carile pleases us. It is altogether proper that the Know-Nothing party of Virginia should have one representative in Congress, that the country might appreciate the character of Know-Nothingism in this State. In all point of numbers in that State Methodists and Baptists are each more numerous than they are. What do these facts prove? They prove clearly, that Catholics are more likely to be converted by Protestants than Protestants are by them. If Protestant divines and Protestant Christians will only do their duty, and will rely upon spiritual weapons instead of carnal, our religion is in no danger. But if preachers forget their high calling, and turn politicians; and politicians take in charge the holy interests of the Church, then indeed may we well fear the most disastrous results both to religion and the State.

"History is philosophy teaching by example." Let us then profit by the experience of our "father land" upon this subject. The tyranny of the Stuarts was for a brief period overthrown, and the friends of liberty aimed at the establishment of a republic. They failed in their efforts, however, and failed because a religious party misled itself with the politics of the times. Amid the strife of *sectarians*, and the attempt of politicians to secure the *purity of the Church*, the spirit of liberty expired, and on the throne of the Stuarts was seated for a time a despot more absolute than he whom he had brought to the block—till at length the people disgusted with the hypocrisy of politicians and the cant of religionists, recalled to the surface in this canvass, Mr. John S. Carile, the least worthy of public respect. If the public were familiar with certain passages of his personal history, great would be the wonder that such a man was sent to Congress from the State of Virginia.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

## KNOW NOTHING COUNCIL.

STAMPEDE AMONG THE FAITHFUL.—*The OUT-AND-OUTERS OFF TO OHIO.*—The latest accounts from the American Standard in Philadelphia state that fifty-three members from twelve free States have seceded from the Convention on account of the rejection of the minority report. We suppose they will turn up in Cleveland, or in some similar region.

Quere: will this proceeding nullify the election of John P. Hale and his worthy colleague, as United States Senators from New Hampshire?—*Norfolk Argus*.

SUPREME COURT.—This tribunal convened in this city, on yesterday. The following gentlemen have been admitted to practice in the different county courts in the States, viz.—Andrew S. Kemp, Bladen county; Andrew G. Baskin, Rowan county; Jesse J. Yeates, Murfreesboro, David C. Hall, Warrenton; Vine A. Allen, Newbern; John McCabe, Houston, Miss.; W. G. Candler, Buncombe; Thos. M. Smith; Frederick C. Shepard, Raleigh; Eugene Martin, do.—*Rad. Reg.*

Six slaves of Hon. C. J. Faulkner of Berkeley county, Va., ran off last week to Pennsylvania.

Prudence is the virtue of civilized nations.—*The Savage*.

Peterson's Magazine, for July, has been received. A capital No.

## Democratic Pioneer.

LOUISVILLE, June 1, 1855.

THE DISCUSSION IN CAMDEN.

The candidates for Congress in this District, Dr. Shaw and Col. Paine, met in discussion at Camden Court House on Tuesday last. This being the first *sage-at-arms*—the first essay of forensic gladiatorialship between these champions of their respective parties since their nomination, very general interest was manifested by the people, and the assemblage was larger than any we have seen of a similar character for some time. The speaking commenced soon after dinner, and was kept up until a pretty late hour in the afternoon.

Dr. Shaw led off in a speech of more than an hour's length, which was marked by his usual clearness, force and eloquence. Col. Paine replied in speech of equal length, and each had a subsequent rejoinder of half an hour. Col. Paine is not an attractive speaker, in our estimation. In the controversy of Tuesday, Dr. Shaw's triumph was complete and overwhelming.—This is our opinion; but, lest this should be set down to partisan proclivities, we will cite an instance or two, (for it is unnecessary to follow the speakers through the whole course of their speeches,) and leave the reader to judge whether our opinion is not borne out by the facts.

Col. Paine, in the course of his speech, pitched into the appointment of Mr. Soule as Minister to Spain, and connected that appointment with probabilities of involving this country in a war with Spain on account of the acquisition of Cuba; he also spoke of this acquisition as being pushed forward by speculators and politicians to enrich certain bond-holders who had given a mere nominal price for their bonds, &c.

REAPERS.—Pittard's Store, Friday, 13th July; Halifax, Saturday, 14th; Ringwood, Monday, 16th; Martis, Williamston, Tuesday, 17th; Hamilton, Wednesday, 18th; Berrie—Windsor, Friday, 20th July; Freeman's Store, Saturday, 21st; Colerain, Monday, 23d. WASHINGTON.—Plymouth, Wednesday, 25th July; Cool Springs, Thursday, 26th. TYRREL.—Columbia, Saturday, 28th July; Gum Neck, Monday, 30th July.

From the best observation we have been able to make, the tour which Col. Paine has been making through this neighborhood has failed to excite any perceptible enthusiasm in the ranks of the Know-nothings—indeed, we are of opinion that, after hearing Col. P. speak, many of them are disappointed in the impression they supposed would be created. Let our friends in the other parts of the District be of good cheer. We have but to do our whole duty, and all will be well. This new party will be more easily vanquished than its predecessor, the Whigs.

STILL THEY COME.—We met with a gentleman yesterday from an adjoining county who told us that his principal business in town was to withdraw from the secret Order. He is a Democrat, and expressed the sentiment that a Know-nothing

ENTERTAINMENT.—On Friday evening last we attended quite a novel entertainment given by the youths of Rev. Mr. Forbes' School. The exercises were composed of declamations, and rehearsals of several *petit comedies*. We dropped in just as the curtain was drawn in the piece entitled "The Gold Country," and were much pleased with the representations of the several characters; Master M. E. Vaughan, sustained his part (the shoemaker) with admirable success. In the concluding piece (Box and Cox) all three of the personators, Masters F. Forbes, as Box, Samuel Harrell, as Cox, and Charles Elliott, as Bouncer, displayed excellent dramatic talent. A very amusing scene entitled "Kockles" enacted by G. W. Sawyer and Walter Russell, elicited much applause, both on account of the juvenility of the performers and the entire uniqueness of the scene.

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PUBLIC MEETING.  
At a meeting of the citizens of Elizabeth  
Held at the Court-House, Thursday  
the 14th inst., Charles B. Bro-  
oks, Esq., was called to the chair, and  
R. Quillin, requested to act as Secre-  
tary.

At the request of the Chairman, Wm. F.  
Martin, Esq., explained the object of the  
meeting; which he stated to be to take  
steps for a proper celebration of the ap-  
pealing National Anniversary.

It was moved and carried that a com-  
mittee of three be appointed on the part  
of the citizens to act in conjunction with  
the committee which may be raised on  
part of the military, to select an Or-  
Reader, &c. The following gentlemen  
were appointed: Frank Vaughan  
and Wm. F. Martin.

It was also moved that a committee of  
three be appointed to make arrangements  
for the said celebration. The following  
men were named as said committee: W.  
Starke, Wm. Brennan, and Geo.  
Bell. The thanks of the meeting were  
extended to the Chairman and Secre-  
tary, and on motion adjourned.

C. B. BROTHERS, Chmn.  
R. QUILLIN, Sec.

A GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

Virginia, notwithstanding the mountains  
of which she has given to the United  
States, is just beginning to develop her  
best resources. As an agricultural coun-  
try she is the first on this continent. A  
which produces strawberries half a  
in diameter, Irish potatoes as big as  
a head, wheat fifty bushels to the acre, and  
undoubtedly ahead of all creation. A  
[San Francisco] correspondent of  
Nat'l Intelligencer says:

"Country possesses within itself such  
a country's gold yield is as  
large as ever, and the grain  
are incredible. Large shipments are  
toward of flour and barley to Australia  
where there happens to be a short crop,  
of wheat and barley to New York.  
Later, of course, under the high  
round Cape Horn, could only be  
under the high prices caused by  
the war; and yet only think of land  
on an average fifty bushels  
per acre and subject to no vicissi-  
tude of the seasons? The rains cease  
about this time, and the farmer  
neither from hear nor wet, but  
his crop to stand in perfect security  
fully ready for the sickle. It is said  
under the usual farming system of  
part of the country, wheat can be  
at forty cents per bushel, and then  
a climate to work in, to tire in! See  
range of the thermometer in the printed  
here, not varying but four degrees  
in successive days, and not more than  
degrees on any one day between 9 A.  
and 6 P. M., both inclusive. Then  
vegetable productions, the year  
! No buying of salt provisions; no  
going away in the fall for your winter  
no spoiling of meat by heat or cold,  
that I might live to see what this  
year will be in twenty years! A  
doctor me this morning that the death  
city (the population 50,000) were  
fifteen per month. I cannot vouch  
this, so incredible does it appear."

Let a country! We wonder that any  
man ever leave it. Yet, according to  
a San Francisco paper of May 6, the  
emigration from California for some time  
has been confessedly greater than  
accessions to its population. One  
the Golden Gate, had just carried  
its shores some thirteen hundred

What is that occasions this  
Our alifornian contemporary gives  
following explanation:

The answer is a simple one: men have  
so reckless in their pursuit of wealth  
to the country that each is now afraid to  
the other: the result is that the  
are taking their departure. We have  
swindled by bankers and legislators,  
unscrupulous "first citizens" till  
puffing has become corrupt and dis-  
honest to follow successful fraud: the  
one who succeeds is, on the contrary,  
deceived.

Those who have come to California have  
specifically announced to the ladies of  
Elizabeth City and surrounding country,  
that they are just as well off from New York with  
more and well deserved than Bonnets, Trimmings,  
Ribbons, Laces, and other articles per-  
taining to their business, of the very latest style  
and most excellent qualities.

She has taken the house immediately opposite  
the Post-office, two south of the Farmer's  
Bank. Call early and examine her SPRING  
FASHIONS.

The house, above mentioned, is being fit-  
up and for the next three or four days I can  
see in the residence of Capt. Albert Curran  
immediately in rear of the Bank, and will take  
great pleasure in showing my goods to those  
who may favor me with a call.

E. C. April 18, 1855.

WOOD! WOOD!

FOR SALE  
BY J. T. & J. M. HINTON  
FRIDAY, JUNE 15.  
FLOUR—City Mills \$10 50; Howard Street  
\$10 85.  
WHEAT—White \$2 38 65; Red \$2 48 55.  
COIN—White 165 110 cts.; Yellow 108 100 cts.  
Mixed 107 cts.  
OATS—67 cts.  
POKE—Mess \$16 25.  
BACONS—Shoulder, 147 1/2 cts.; Sides 74 8cts.;  
Hams 104 1/2 cts.

SCYTHE CRADLES COMPLETE, &c., FOR  
HARVESTING.

ALYNN, ROSE & CAPS have con-  
stantly on hand a large assortment of  
Scythe Cradles, complete, varying in  
price from \$30 to \$55.

SCYTHE SNATHES, with or without blades.

DO—Blades of all the usual sizes.

REAP HOOKS, varying in price from \$1 to \$4 per  
piece, best quality.

BRIGHT COATED WEDDING HOES, with and without  
handles.

GARDEN Rakes, Spades and Shovels.

DISCOUNT made to persons buying quantities of  
the above.

Norfolk, Va. je 12.

STRAW CUTTERS.

SINCLAIR'S SCREW PROPELLER Straw  
Cutters. Price \$30. Cut Straw, Shucks, Fodder, Oats and all kinds of feed for stock, in  
the best manner.

OUR new Straw Cutters, with 1 knife  
very simple, and cut all kind of food.

Harve's Rake hide Cutter, Smith's Virginia  
Knife.

DISCOUNT made to persons buying quantities of  
the above.

Norfolk, Va. je 12.

CALL AT THE SOUTHERN VARI-  
ETY STORE.

OUR WATERMAN'S REFRIGERATORS are  
promised to be superior to any in the  
market. There are many others by that name,  
but they have no revolving ventilator. Call at  
once and supply yourselves with one.

AUSTIN'S PATENT CREAM FREEZER. Having pur-  
chased his entire right, we are sole owners for  
Norfolk city and county, and have no authorized  
agents.

J. R. SMALL & CO.,  
Tin, Copper and Shoe Store,  
6, Union St., Norfolk, Va.

je 12.

NOTICE.

FRANK VAUGHAN & CO. have just re-  
turned from the North with a large lot of Men  
and Boys' Ready-made Clothing and Furnishing  
articles.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER USE.

The Clothing is made well, and is cut to  
the size of the articles; Coats,  
Pants, Vests, Hats, Caps, Boots, Socks, Silex,  
Pumps, Slippers, & Hose, Gloves, Shirts, Draw-  
ers, Handkerchiefs, Neck-tie, &c. &c. &c. 10.

1. Ibs. Crushed, Granulated and Clarified Stu-  
gar; also Porto Rico and N. O. Sgars.

WHITE & LAVERY.

E. City, May 15, 1854.

A FEW MORE LEFT of those splendid Lin-  
ens, soft, finish, cheapest ever seen in Nor-  
folk. Call soon, as they are going off rapidly.

The "Bee Hive" is the place.

JAS. SMITH, 33 Main street.

ap 17

LOST OR MISLAID.

THE subscriber has either lost or mislaid, a  
Spring of '55. Some of the articles are: Coats,  
Pants, Vests, Hats, Caps, Boots, Socks, Silex,  
Pumps, Slippers, & Hose, Gloves, Shirts, Draw-  
ers, Handkerchiefs, Neck-tie, &c. &c. 10.

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FRANK VAUGHAN & CO.

SPRING.

THE subscriber has either lost or mislaid, a

Note made by Jas and Stephen Rogers

for \$200 two months after date with

interest from date, payable to Warren Davis

or, and dated either in June, July or

Aug. Fer. For sale.

VICKERY & GRIFFITH'S,

19 Main street, Norfolk, Va.

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## GIVE ME OLD MUSIC.

Give me old music! let me hear  
The songs of olden by,  
Nor stay the voice in kindly ear,  
It is a notes a falling tear.  
Should make a mute reply;  
To songs that lulled me on the breast,  
To sleep away the noon,  
Sing on—sing on! I love them best,  
There's witchery in the notes impressed  
With each familiar tune.

Give me old wile! its choice store,  
Drawn from the shady bin;  
Our vineyards shall produce no more,  
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore  
As sparkling lies within;  
This was my grandmire's chief delight,  
When the day's chase was o'er,  
Fill high! fill high! t'reasure's delight,  
Shall sparkle on our board to-night,  
Though we shrank no more.

Give me old friends! the tried, the true,  
Who launched their barks with me,  
And all my joys and sorrows knew,  
As chance's gale the pilgrim blew  
Across the troubled seas;  
Their memories are the same as mine—  
Our loves through life shall last:  
Bring one, bring all, your smiles to shine  
Upon our good old songs and wine,  
Like sunbeams from the past!

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

### THE RESCUE GRASS.

To the Editor of the American Farmer

Dear Sir:—The publication of my letter to you on the 25th of November last, upon the merits of my incomparable winter grass, seems to have made some impression, if I were to judge from the many letters received since. I am not surprised at this, however, as there are a good many excellent reasons for it. I was told the other day by one of Georgia's eminent and practical men, that my grass has been sought for by the last fifty years, and never before found. And I would note an expression in a letter from C. B. Calvert, Esq., in which he says, "it is absolutely necessary for us, (the farmers and planters of Maryland,) to change our whole system, and cultivate more grass, and less grain." The growing of agricultural improvement—the sincere desire to reclaim what were once rich and profitable plantations—the rapidly increasing demand, and high prices paid for beef, mutton, kid, pork, veal, lamb and poultry in all of the large cities and towns—the fixed and sensible determination now so manifest in our people, to stick to the old plantation, and the young folks at home, admonish me that the publication of the valuable qualities of my grass, should create, as it ought, a very general interest. If what I am going to say, could reach every ear in the South, I would cease to sigh, when I look out over the innumerable fields once rich and lovely, now abandoned, desolate and lonely. If my voice could reach every farmer South of Mason and Dixon, I would rejoice—I would say, "Behold, I bring you good news, glad tidings of great joy," for the great discovery of the age is made, and our section shall come to be the Eden of the world. This might appear wild, and such a result an utter impossibility, but if it was possible for every man to see my grass as it now is (and it is nothing yet to what it will be) this result would be to each and every one of them as clear as a sunbeam. My grass followed with the no less valuable pea, (Southern and Oregon) will reclaim in a few years every old worn out field in her borders, and make every one of them produce as well, yes better than they ever did, and that for ages to come. My grass and pea will not only do this, but they will pay us richly all the time it takes to fertilize them. How is this done? I will show how it is done. I am aware that your readers would much prefer to have the plan, than to hear that there is such an one. Well then, we will select a field, say 50 acres—we will take one which is the poorest of the poor, robed, butchered and abandoned, and their name is legion)—we will put a good fence around it, and in the month of March we will break it up as well as it can be done—filling up the gullies with bushes, with logs on top. In April we will open deep furrows 3 feet apart, and drill guano, stable manure, or rotted cotton seed, (either will do) in each, then sow (in your State) Oregon peas, and also, along with them, the seeds of my "Rescue Grass," quite thick in each row, and cover lightly. The peas will come up, but the grass seeds will lie there. We will give the peas the necessary workings, and in the fall we will either save the peas for food (and there is none richer) or we will turn in the fattening hogs. (In Georgia, peas mainly fatten pork, and the Oregon pea will do the same thing for Virginia.) We will let the pea vines and leaves lie to rot on the ground—they return an excellent coat of vegetable manure to the field. Now, let us see what the pea has done for us:—1st. They have completely prevented rains from washing the ground—2d. They have given the field the beneficial influence of shade, having protected the surface from the baking sun—3d. They have mainly helped to fatten the pork—4th. They have drawn (by their roots) and extracted (by their leaves) those alimentary ingredients and fructifying gases, and returned them liberally to the soil of which our excessive tillage had previously robbed it—and 5th. They have given to the field a large coat of vegetable mould, nature's best and most lasting manure. We now see the "Rescue Grass" seed coming up about the 1st of September, and we will give them a working or so, before November, by which time the grass is ready to receive our stock of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats and poultry—yes, the whole of them, and we will let them have it, for of all things in the world they like it the best, and it will keep them all fat throughout the winter, 'while bleak winds are howling on the hills.' It is now June, and we will turn off the stock and let the grass grow to seed. Now we cut it for hay, and it will again grow up, from its heads and seeds, ready to give us more hay—but we are reclaiming the field, and have not time, for the peas must be sown about this time, so we will let the seeds get ripe—we will strip the heads by hand to gather as much seed as we may want for other fields (which we are fertilizing in the same way). The grass having shed out its remaining seed, we proceed to sow pea again, either in drills, in the middles, between the rows, or broadcast them on the standing grass, and turn under all grass, peas, and seeds.

Now let us see what the Resene has done for us—1st. It has completely saved this field from the heavy washing rains of winter and spring—2d. It has kept all the stock fat from November to June—3d. It has thereby saved our corn and fodder, which we can use lavishly during ploughing time—4th. It has enabled our good wives to have an abundance of rich milk, rich cream, and the sweetest yellow butter for their tables—5th. It has put it in our power to have fat, tender beef, mutton, kid, pork, veal, lamb, and good fowl, whenever we choose, and all over that, to sell at very high prices for cash—and 6th. It has returned an abundant coat of manure to the ground. We do not mention the hay; as we are reclaiming the field, this is emphatically a Winter Grass—annual, dying down and dropping its seed in July, by which the land is re-seeded.—The seed are much larger than any other Grass seed, bearded and horn like in their position on the head, hence the Botanic name of the Grass, *Ceratocloea Breviriastrata*.\* It was in it and through it, standing in the drill and broadcast. It is now standing from 6 to 10 inches high, tender and sweet, with a soft fibrous root, not unlike oats. My opinion is, from a critical examination of it, that its introduction here at this time, is a decided point gained for improved Agriculture in the planting States.

\*But we did not expect to say so much about our Columbus visit at this sitting, and yet we have said nothing about Mr. Iverson's "Rescue Grass." At the risk however of being tedious, we must say our opinion about this grass. Our people are bringing fine stock into Alabama, and they must very soon be more interested in Grass than simply to kill it for Cotton to grow.

We spent an hour with Mr. Iverson, and he told us all about this Grass, that he knew from 3 to 4 years experience, which is the true knowledge for the Agriculturist, with science at the helm. This is emphatically a Winter Grass—annual, dying down and dropping its seed in July, by which the land is re-seeded.—The seed are much larger than any other Grass seed, bearded and horn like in their position on the head, hence the Botanic name of the Grass, *Ceratocloea Breviriastrata*.\* It was in it and through it, standing in the drill and broadcast. It is now standing from 6 to 10 inches high, tender and sweet, with a soft fibrous root, not unlike oats. My opinion is, from a critical examination of it, that its introduction here at this time, is a decided point gained for improved Agriculture in the planting States.

### AN ACROSTIC.

Vainly the foes of freedom dare invade  
In covert treason to enthrall thy land,  
Repulsed by heroes whose propitious aid  
Gives vigor to the constitution's wands!  
Ignored by thee, foul fortune soon shall

quail.

North, South, East, as well in the West;

In freedom's jubilee we shall e'er hail

A NEW DOMINION for the Wise and best!

HAPPINESS.—That all who are happy, are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy; a peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but a large one holds more than a small one.

\*There is a man living near Sidney, in Shelby county, Ohio, nearly ninety years of age, who has a bet pending with a neighbor, that he will live to be a hundred years old. The wager is a hundred bushels of corn, and in case either of both should die before the expiration of the hundred years, their heirs are obligated to pay over the required amount.

1st. It has the largest grain of any known species of grass, being nearly as large as wheat.

2d. It will grow on very rich ground from three to four feet high.

3d. It is never injured by cold—it freeze hurts it.

4th. It is never troubled by insects of any kind.

5th. It is never injured or retarded in growing by heavy rains, overflows or ordinary drought.

6th. It grows as fast as Millet or Linseed.

7th. It is as nutritious as Barley, and stock are as fond of it as they are of that.

8th. It will keep horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry fat, throughout the winter and spring, from November to June.

9th. It will then (the stock being withdrawn, and the ground being rich) yield from four to six tons of excellent hay per acre.

10th. It saves corn and fodder, being fed away to stock during the winter and spring.

11th. It completely protects fields from washing rains.

12th. It enables farmers to have an abundance of rich milk, cream and butter, with fat beef, mutton, kid, pork, turkey, and chicken for their table.

13th. It will, if followed with our corn-field pea) give to farmers the cheapest, the surest, and the most paying plan to reclaim worn out fields, and fertilize those and abandoned, and their name is legion)—we will put a good fence around it, and in the month of March we will break it up as well as it can be done—filling up the gullies with bushes, with logs on top. In April we will open deep furrows 3 feet apart, and drill guano, stable manure, or rotted cotton seed, (either will do) in each, then sow (in your State) Oregon peas, and also, along with them, the seeds of my "Rescue Grass," quite thick in each row, and cover lightly. The peas will come up, but the grass seeds will lie there. We will give the peas the necessary workings, and in the fall we will either save the peas for food (and there is none richer) or we will turn in the fattening hogs. (In Georgia, peas mainly fatten pork, and the Oregon pea will do the same thing for Virginia.) We will let the pea vines and leaves lie to rot on the ground—they return an excellent coat of vegetable manure to the field. Now, let us see what the pea has done for us:—1st. They have completely prevented rains from washing the ground—2d. They have given the field the beneficial influence of shade, having protected the surface from the baking sun—3d. They have mainly helped to fatten the pork—4th. They have drawn (by their roots) and extracted (by their leaves) those alimentary ingredients and fructifying gases, and returned them liberally to the soil of which our excessive tillage had previously robbed it—and 5th. They have given to the field a large coat of vegetable mould, nature's best and most lasting manure. We now see the "Rescue Grass" seed coming up about the 1st of September, and we will give them a working or so, before November, by which time the grass is ready to receive our stock of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats and poultry—yes, the whole of them, and we will let them have it, for of all things in the world they like it the best, and it will keep them all fat throughout the winter, 'while bleak winds are howling on the hills.' It is now June, and we will turn off the stock and let the grass grow to seed. Now we cut it for hay, and it will again grow up, from its heads and seeds, ready to give us more hay—but we are reclaiming the field, and have not time, for the peas must be sown about this time, so we will let the seeds get ripe—we will strip the heads by hand to gather as much seed as we may want for other fields (which we are fertilizing in the same way). The grass having shed out its remaining seed, we proceed to sow pea again, either in drills, in the middles, between the rows, or broadcast them on the standing grass, and turn under all grass, peas, and seeds.

Our winter has been a very remarkable one, with sudden alternations of pleasant, growing weather, to extreme cold and freezing, and consequently very unfavorable to the growth of any vegetation, yet while cabbages, barley, and even rye itself, present a yellow and sickly appearance, this grass is green and luxuriant, and averages 18 inches in height over the bed on which it is planted. The drills are about 20 inches apart, yet you cannot see the ground between them; the land upon which it is sown is in my opinion, very good, and I suppose that on thinner land the growth would not be so rank; but be that as it may, I have no doubt the grass merits all the commendation bestowed upon it by Mr. Iverson.

It will afford me much pleasure to give you any additional information that you may desire.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

JOHN A. JONES.

We will likewise give an extract from the notes of the editor of the "American Cotton Planter," who has recently visited Mr. Iverson, at Columbus. He says:

"GIVE ME OLD MUSIC."

"The songs of olden by,

"Nor stay the voice in kindly ear,

"It is a notes a falling tear.

"Should make a mute reply;

"To songs that lulled me on the breast,

"To sleep away the noon,

"Sing on—sing on! I love them best,

"There's witchery in the notes impressed

"With each familiar tune.

"Give me old wile! its choice store,

"Drawn from the shady bin;

"Our vineyards shall produce no more,

"Such rare strong juice they gave of yore

"As sparkling lies within;

"This was my grandmire's chief delight,

"When the day's chase was o'er,

"Fill high! fill high! t'reasure's delight,

"Shall sparkle on our board to-night,

"Though we shrank no more.

"Give me old friends! the tried, the true,

"Who launched their barks with me,

"And all my joys and sorrows knew,

"As chance's gale the pilgrim blew

"Across the troubled seas;

"Their memories are the same as mine—

"Our loves through life shall last:

"Bring one, bring all, your smiles to shine

"Upon our good old songs and wine,

"Like sunbeams from the past!"

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